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*O Praise the Lord of Heaven.* Full Anthem, composed by John Goss.

THAT the organist of St. Paul's has reached the highest pinnacle of fame as a composer of church music, must be admitted on all sides, whether we consider the number of his compositions, or, which would be a more correct criterion, their intrinsic value. Certain, too, it is, that in the matter of popularity there is no one to contest his supremacy; and the secret of this success is not difficult to make out. Examine his compositions, and what do we find? A vein of deep devotional feeling—a freshness of melody—an appropriateness in the setting of the words—a breadth and vigour and conception—and, above all, a purity of vocal treatment which is all the more remarkable because it is now-a-days so seldom achieved. These characteristics will be found strongly represented in the composition now under notice, and when we add that it is not above the capacity of the major portion of our country choirs who are given to anthem singing, we hope we have said enough to prove that Mr. Goss has, in this work, done credit to his reputation and honour to his friend, Mr. Joyce Murray, to whom he inscribes it.

*Eight Anthems.* Composed by the Rev. Sir Fred. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.

WE have seldom looked over a volume of musical compositions with so much pleasure as this. Not that the compositions are superior to anything we have before looked over, but that they indicate most clearly to us that the composer's ideas are, like everything else at this time, undergoing a complete reformation. We hope that we shall not be misunderstood if we say that, in our opinion, the Oxford professor has, in times past, had the opportunity of leading, if not almost of forming, the taste of all lovers of English church music, and has neglected to avail himself of it. His early musical precocity, his great attainments, the responsible posts he holds, and his high social position, all these things have marked him as a leader; but no stronger proof can be adduced in support of the charge that he adopted and worked upon a false theory, than the fact that he is now almost entirely without imitators—we had almost said, without disciples. But, happily, as we hinted before, there are signs of a change. The present volume contains ample proof that its composer no longer considers it rank heresy to admit true natural feeling or modern melody into his music. We cannot say he has altogether dispensed with old worn-out forms, but he has certainly used them in a much less degree than formerly; witness the second anthem of this series, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," in which there is hardly a point of imitation from the commencement to the end; it is pure unfettered inspiration throughout; and as charming an anthem as we have seen for a long period. It seems to us almost impossible to overrate the calm placid beauty of the first movement, or the pastoral freshness of the second; whilst the whole composition is simple, natural, unaffected, and charming. Of the three following, we prefer the first, though all are good. In style, they range somewhat between the same composer's popular anthems, "How goodly are Thy tents," and "From the rising of the sun." The next, "O praise the Lord," is chiefly remarkable for the close resemblance it bears, in its opening bars, to one of the same words by Mr. Goss, and both to a subject by Mendelssohn. We must also take exception to a somewhat common-place phrase to the words "Who holdest our soul in life." The last of the series is a setting of the first few verses of the psalm, "Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks," and is, with perhaps the exception of "Whom have I in heaven," the most beautiful of the set. Take them all in all, this book of eight anthems is a valuable addition to the repertory of country choirs; it is also doubly welcome to us, inasmuch as it gives an earnest of the change which is taking place in the views of this composer—a change which cannot fail to have a great and beneficial effect, upon this branch of the art.

*The Easter Anthems.* Adapted by Robert Stroud.

This is a rather cleverly designed adaptation, the intention whereof is to bracket together such verses as the sense would seem to require, and so arrange that the verses terminated by a full stop, should be sung to the latter half of the chant, which is a double one of Hine's.

It is true a single chant would almost answer the same purpose, but there are still many people who are so entirely wedded to the use of double chants, that we have no doubt this little work was worth doing; and, in any case, it has been well done.

*The Leeds Tune Book.* Edited by Joseph Lancaster.

WE have been busily engaged of late, as our readers may have observed, in considering the claims of new and rival Tune Books, and to all appearance we are likely to continue similarly occupied for some time to come. Collections seem to be multiplying on all sides for reasons good, bad, and indifferent; others apparently for no reason at all. The idea of any universal Tune Book appears as far from realization as ever, many of the causes being trivial, not to say vexatious. It had been hoped when railways first commenced that distinctive manners and customs, nay, even dialects, and to some extent, tastes, would have yielded to its influence and become merged into something like uniformity; but whatever may have been its effect upon some of these things, there are other differences which appear to us to have widened rather than closed up, and Hymn Tunes stand among the first. It is true some extreme sections of the Church Catholic appear, upon this point, to have coalesced; witness the similarity between the Hymn Tunes of the Ritualists and those of the lowest sects of Nonconformists, place the Appendix of the Hymnal Noted by the side of Richard Weaver's Hymn Tune Book, and you will find no great dissimilarity, though this is but another confirmation of the old adage "extremes meet." Still we must repeat, over and over again, if necessary, that there is a standard of taste which should be more or less used by every one who aspires to supply congregations with some of the means of praise; and that standard may be indicated in the following words: a Hymn Tune should be possessed of a melody, bold and vigorous without coarseness or vulgarity, or (as the case may require), delicate and refined, without being lack-a-daisical or maudlin, and the harmonies should in each case correspond. In short, it should be *taking* and *musical*.

We fear if the above standard were applied to all the collections issued during the past twenty years, few would come out of the ordeal unscathed. The *Leeds Tune Book* would certainly suffer, principally from its want of the "taking" quality, but also on the other count as well; for it has old tunes without beauty, and new tunes without colour. The majority of the best and most popular tunes of the last ten years have no place, whilst numbers of the dreadful things perpetrated during the early years of the present century, are here, with their passing notes and coarse vulgarity, all complete. We have arrangements too, a part-song of Mendelssohn's, and "The heavens are telling," Haydn (with a duet for the two upper parts, and the long shake for the organ). The first few bars of Weber's opening chorus in *Oberon* supply us with one tune, and a phrase or two from *Der Freischütz* gives us another, under the curious title of "Sacred Wisdom." The first *motivo* from Beethoven's A flat Sonata is pressed into the service, and that exceedingly devotional piece of melody generally known as "Rousseau's Dream," also finds a place. From this it will be seen we do not altogether approve of the selection, though we have nothing to say against the harmonies: on the contrary, they evince an amount of technical knowledge and careful arrangement which is creditable in the highest degree, alike to Mr. Lancaster's education and his conscientiousness. We must confess to having hoped that greater progress had been made in true and refined musical taste in Yorkshire, than the choice of tunes in this book would seem to imply; and this is all the

more to be regretted, inasmuch as the love of music seems to have entered so fully into the composition of the Yorkshireman. Possibly Mr. Lancaster may have consulted the tastes of his countrymen in this compilation; and if so, we can only say he deserves every encouragement they can offer him, if only as a reward for his extreme care and musicianly skill.

*Three Andantes for the Organ.* Composed by Henry Smart.

AMONGST English composers for the king of instruments, Mr. Smart is decidedly *facile princeps*. The amount he has written may not be large, but it has always been of a high class. That he has not composed more extensively is a matter perhaps difficult to explain, and perhaps not; anyhow it is much to be deplored, and for two reasons. First, it is always to be regretted when valuable matter, be it metallic or mental, is locked up and unproductive. But it is doubly vexatious when in addition to this, the land is, so to speak, thirsting for the dissemination of the material in question. The application in this case is, here are we in England, with plenty of organs and organists, but with a terrible paucity of organ music (proper). There, on the other hand, is Mr. Smart (and one or two others) with a head full of the most beautiful thoughts, which only require to be set forth on paper and disseminated, to fill thousands of hearts with pleasure. And yet we comparatively seldom hear from him.

Still, seeing we *have* just heard, and to some advantage too, it would, perhaps, be wiser to leave off grumbling, and rather rejoice that the supply has not stopped altogether. Therefore, in pursuance of this resolution, we beg leave to state, that in the *Three Andantes* now under notice we have more reason than ever to be grateful to Mr. Smart for beautiful thoughts put together in a masterly style. Where all three are so equally good, it is almost impossible to make a comparative analysis without running this notice to an unreasonable length. We may say, however, that the first is, upon the whole, the best. The second displays the most careful writing; whilst the third, though decidedly the most taking of the three, is the least original. Altogether we most distinctly aver that we know no compositions of Mr. Smart's in which melody and harmony of the most charming character, is so well matched by musicianly skill, and a thorough knowledge of the resources of the instrument as in these three *Andantes*.

*Three Hymn Tunes.* Composed by Herbert Columbine.

If it be our duty to aid in the dissemination of that which is good, it is clearly incumbent on us to condemn that which is the reverse. Therefore no alternative is left us but to tell Mr. Columbine that his tunes exhibit an utter ignorance of the principles of harmony; and he cannot fail to bring upon himself much discredit by the publication of tunes which must be condemned by every honest musician.

*Six Trios for Female Voices*; with Pianoforte accompaniment. Composed by Giulio Roberti.

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| No. 1. <i>Recollection.</i> | No. 4. <i>Twilight.</i>    |
| 2. <i>Peace.</i>            | 5. <i>The Night.</i>       |
| 3. <i>Fare thee well.</i>   | 6. <i>Charming Valley.</i> |

THESE Trios are all written with an intimate knowledge of vocal effect; and there is a commendable desire to avoid the common-place, both in the voice-parts and accompaniment. No. 1 is somewhat eccentric in the opening phrases; and the alternation between minor and major, so frequently repeated, becomes tiresome. No. 2 is, in our opinion, by far the best of the set. The melody is simple, and cannot fail to please; and the part-writing is most effective. This Trio is in the purest style of composition for equal voices, and is destined, we believe, to become popular. No. 3 is a flowing melody in  $\frac{3}{4}$  rhythm, where the voices are together almost throughout. There is little aiming at effect here; and, perhaps on that account, more effect is obtained than we have in No. 4, an "Ave Maria," which is somewhat laboured in construction. The phrase, in

F sharp minor, to the words "While swung the deep bell," does not seem to fit in kindly with the rest of the work; and the composer scarcely knows what to do, either with his voice or accompaniment, until the *cantabile* theme, in A major, comes to his relief. No. 5 is a charming Trio, full of life, and seeming to spring spontaneously from the words. Here the character given to the instrumental part is in true keeping with the general design. The return to the original subject, after the octave passages in the accompaniment, is extremely beautiful; and admirable, also, is the final phrase, where the voices die off in unison. No. 6 is light and cheerful; and the flowing semiquaver accompaniment with the melody has a good effect. On the whole, as we have already hinted, the composer has been most successful where he has attempted least; but the series of Trios will be an agreeable addition to the stock of part-music for female voices.

*Sonate, für Pianoforte und Violine.* Componirt von Agnes Zimmermann. Op. 16.

HERE we have a clearly defined and well-written Sonata, by a young artist who has already fairly won her way to public favour as a pianist of the highest class. The ambition of Miss Zimmermann in thus attempting to compete with the greatest composers in a work of such pretension, can only be excused by the evidence throughout her composition of the possession of constructive power and artistic aspiration which required greater scope for their due development than the small, but graceful, works which she has already produced for her instrument would allow. In the writing of this Sonata there is every indication of a sympathy with the best compositions of the class; and although we can nowhere discover imitation, a laudable desire to follow the highest models is observable in every movement. This is as it should be; for mere eccentricity, although often mistaken for genius, is in young writers usually the result of a desire to cover their want of it; and it will generally therefore be found that those composers who have in after years endeavoured to escape from form, are precisely those who have begun their career by strictly adhering to it. Miss Zimmermann commences her Sonata with a bold and well-marked subject, in D minor. The theme, which occurs in the relative major, first given to the pianoforte, and then to the Violin, is exceedingly graceful. This is repeated in D major, and afterwards in D minor; and we may here say that the writing of the violin part shows an intimate acquaintance with the true nature of the instrument; and the interweaving of the passages with the pianoforte may be also accepted as a proof that the composer has a thorough knowledge of effect. The *Scherzo*, in G minor, (followed by the *Trio*, in G major), is full of character; and well played by both performers, would be certain to delight a non-musical, as well as a musical, audience: the subject of the *Trio*, given to the violin, with holding notes for the pianoforte, is exceedingly melodious. The slow movement, although perhaps scarcely equal to the others, is graceful and well-written throughout for both instruments. The last movement is vigorous, and well sustained to the end. After an impassioned opening for the pianoforte, a very refined subject is given to the violin, in D minor; and a passage which shortly afterwards occurs, where the violin drops in octaves, against a melodious theme for the pianoforte, is remarkably original. A change into D major brings the Sonata to a most satisfactory conclusion. The composition is appropriately dedicated to Herr Joachim; and it may be hoped that during the coming season this eminent artist may show his sympathy with the composer by joining her in interpreting so highly meritorious a work before a public audience.

1. *My Golden Ship.* Song. Poetry by William Duthie.
2. *I sit alone.* Song. Poetry by William Duthie.
3. *In Spring Time.* Song.

Composed by Joseph Barnby.

Mr. Barnby is rapidly making his way as a song writer; and in the most legitimate manner, for, instead of appealing to the popular taste for vapid common-place, he writes